"S'Matter, Pop?"

By C. M. Payne

Men of Initiative

Modern Americans Who Have Led the March of Progress

By Julius Chambers

FELIX ADLER, Propounder of Educational Eugenics.

WHEN one undertakes to write about a prophet of a great social revolution, the basis of which is higher life, created by education, eugenics and morality, he must study his man with care. The first fact to establish is his sincerity; the second is his capacity as a leader and his thorough acquaintance with the social weaknesses to be reformed.

To sit, even for a few times, under the remarkably incisive diction of Dr. Felix Adler suffices to convince any thoughtful man or woman of his unfaltering sincerity. "Sincerity" is one of the truly great words in the language. It is what binds together men who achieve results. It is the cornerstone of Dr. Adler's unquestionable popularity. At times we must differ with him, radically and irrevocably, but we cannot for a moment doubt the man!

As the creator and builder of the Society of Ethical Culture, Dr. Adler has mapped out the work of a lifetime. The motto of this structure might well be set in letters of gold upon the facade of the splendid building that occupies a block front upon Central Park West. Its wording would be: "Morals and Character are indivisible." This cardinal doctrine never grows obscure in the hands of such a master. He presents demonstrations cut with a hundred facets; his arguments literally, vibrate with proofs that force conviction.

He was among the earliest speakers to attack the greedy money-grabbers who for a generation have been gathering unto themselves the product of labor in this country. He was the first forceful man to shout: "No extenuation of crimes against the public because of private virtues!" Again, he was inventor of the phrase, "Long Range Sinners," to describe a board of railroad directors that kill men because they will not install safety devices! Money that should go for betterments of the permanent way, to provide steel cars, or to rebuild weak bridges, goes into the pockets of favored officers or bankers who "negotiate" loans. Every little while "a melon" is cut for the privileged few, who have temporarily loaded up with the stock on their "inside information." For twenty years Dr. Adler has been consistently denouncing the financial vultures who have been steadily increasing the cost of living by "cornering" the staples, food and clothing.

Nobody has called him a "muckraker!" He has spoken with knowledge, reinforced by courage.

Dr. Adler believes in keeping in the current of universal life. No asceticism for him!

His ethical standard, as I gather from several interviews extending over years and from a recent discourse to which I listened, is that Man must not be rated by what he actually has done, BUT BY WHAT HE MAY DO—is capable of doing! Although a critic of orthodox religion, he is most appreciative of the ethical enthusiasm and power of the Christian Church.

He is not an iconoclast! For example, regarding divorce he opposes it, for any cause! In this stand, theology has no part; Dr. Adler merely believes that the relation of marriage, once established, should be permanent—irrevocable. This necessarily implies a revision of existing views concerning the laws of Moses and violations of the Seventh Commandment. Dr. Adler would substitute legal separation, without right of re-marriage. His argument is from the viewpoint of social welfare.

"Simpler lives are needed," he says. He is a socialist in ethics. The strong, the educated should give their lives to the weak and the unlettered! The weak never should stand alone.

Like most men of initiative, Dr. Adler goes further in some directions than people of to-day are inclined to follow. He is an exponent of what he describes as "Vocational Democracy." He advances the idea—and I do not know that the doctrine has advanced beyond that stage—that, in a democracy, society should be represented not merely by men as citizens but as farmers, merchants, physicians, and so on. It sounds impracticable, even undesirable, on the accepted basis of manhood suffrage. When I said so, Dr. Adler asked if I believed in the advent of woman suffrage. Answering in the affirmative, the doctor met me with a prompt declaration of disbelief in the wisdom of giving the franchise to women! I was confused and disappointed. The best reason he gave for confirmed opposition was that it is "correct in theory but undesirable in practice."

Dr. Adler was born at a village on the Rhine in 1851, and five years later came to this country with his parents. Since manhood he has been an ardent American. His father was rabbi at the Temple Emanu-El, and the son was educated with a view to following in the footsteps of his parent. The public schools, then Columbia (where he is a professor to-day), later Berlin and Heidelberg.

Education defeated its purpose. He refused to follow any existing creed! After a stay at Cornell University as professor of Oriental languages he came to New York City and founded the Society of Ethical Culture.

He is to-day the exponent of MORAL FAITH.

"Life and Destiny" is his message to seekers of light in correct living—a text book on morals that begets love of existence.

How to Choose Your Occupation

The Duties, Chances and Salaries in Various Lines of Work

By Celia K. Husik

24. THE BAKER.

THE business of baking is a growing one. According to several authorities the demand for bakers' goods has in the last ten years increased from 40 to 60 per cent. There is also in this business a need for all-round capable men aside from the baker proper. These side lines are of special advantage to the man or boy who has not as yet acquired a training in any special line of work. For here he may begin, and, as opportunity offers, learn the trade of baking itself. All the lines in this trade have the one great advantage that employment is steady the year around.

No special requirements are necessary for the baking business. Any boy sixteen years of age, of good health and strong physical constitution, who is willing and industrious, can get a chance to learn it. It is always of value, however, to have a common school education, and previous experience as a grocer's boy or clerk, while not essential, is at all times desirable.

The only way to learn the business is to enter a large establishment as an apprentice and become familiar with all of its details. The number of apprentices in union shops is restricted to one for each seven employees. The period of apprenticeship lasts several years, till the beginner passes through the stages of third, second and finally first man.

There are other positions in the business of baking which the wide-awake man may fill. Office work, work on the wagon and selling are some of these. The ornamenting of pastry, for which special training is necessary, is a very important and well-paying part of the business.

The pay for the apprentice averages $7 per week, and the higher positions yield more. A good baker may earn from $15 to $35 per week. The ornamental workers earn from $30 to $40 weekly.

A Fire Test.

IN testing out a steel car with a view to proving its indestructibility by fire, a railroad company place in one of this type two hundred pounds of shavings and wood saturated with oil, set fire to it and allowed the mass to burn itself out. The paint and upholstery were destroyed, but no damage was done to the car as a structural whole. At present 2,672 steel passenger cars are in service on this one system, and this is about one-half of the total of steel passenger cars in service in the United States.

Paris of 1913

By Eleanor Schorer

O, Paris of mythology, who thought you had such a difficult task before you to choose between three beauties, what would you do in this age with a whole world of beauties vying with each other for the coveted golden apple?

How would you choose between the statuesque blonde and cuddling tiny "doll," the Titian crowned and raven headed, generous curves or sylph-like slenderness?

Every Bob who chooses a bride is a Paris in his own world, and sometimes I think that the reason why a Bob stays bachelor forever is that he cannot decide the difficult question of which Bess of 1913 most merits the golden apple.

The Marquis and Miss Sally

The Story of a West Texas Cattle Ranch

By O. Henry

WITHOUT knowing it, old Bill Bascom had the honor of being overtaken by fate the same day with the Marquis of Borodale.

The Marquis lived in Regent Square, London. Old Bill lived on Limping Doe Creek, Hardeman County, Texas. The Cataclysm that engulfed the Marquis took the form of a bursting bubble known as the Central and South American Mahogany and Caoutchouc Monopoly. Old Bill's nemesis was in the no less perilous shape of a band of civilized Indian cattle thieves from the territory who ran off his entire herd of four hundred head, and shot old Bill dead as he trailed after them. To even up the consequences of the two catastrophies, the Marquis, as soon as he found that all he possessed would pay only fifteen shillings on the pound of his indebtedness, shot himself.

Old Bill left a family of six motherless sons and daughters, who found themselves without even a red steer left to eat, or a red cent to buy one with.

The Marquis left one son, a young man, who had come to the States and established a large and well-stocked ranch in the Panhandle of Texas. When this young man learned the news he mounted his pony and rode to town. There he placed everything he owned except his horse, saddle, Winchester and $15 in his pockets, in the hands of his lawyers, with instructions to sell and forward the proceeds to London to be applied upon the payment of his father's debts. Then he mounted his pony and rode southward.

One day, arriving about the same time, but by different trails, two young chaps rode up to the Diamond-Cross ranch, on the Little Piedra, and asked for work. Both were dressed neatly and sprucely in cowboy costume. One was a straight-set fellow, with delicate, handsome features, short, brown hair and smooth face, sunburned to a golden brown. The other applicant was stouter and broad-shouldered, with fresh, red complexion, somewhat freckled, reddish, curling hair and a rather plain face, made attractive by laughing eyes and a pleasant mouth.

The superintendent of the Diamond-Cross was of the opinion that he could give them work. In fact, word had reached him that morning that the camp cook—a most important member of the outfit—had straddled his bronco and departed, being unable to withstand the fire of fun and practical jokes of which he was, ex-officio, the legitimate target.

"Can either of you cook?" asked the superintendent.

"I can," said the reddish haired fellow promptly. "I've cooked in camp quite a lot. I'm willing to take the job until you've got something else to offer."

"Now, that's the way I like to hear a man talk," said the superintendent approvingly. "I'll give you a note to Saunders, and he'll put you to work."

Thus the name of John Bascom and Charles Norwood were added to the pay-roll of the Diamond Cross. The two left for the round-up camp immediately after dinner. Their directions were simple but sufficient: "Keep down the arroyo for fifteen miles till you get there." Both being strangers from afar, young, spirited, and thus thrown together by chance for a long ride, it is likely that the comradeship that afterward existed so strongly between them began that afternoon as they meandered along the little valley of the Canada Verda.

They reached their destination just after sunset. The main camp of the round-up was comfortably located on the bank of a long water-hole, under a fine mott of timber. A number of small A tents pitched upon grassy spots and the big wall tents for provisions showed that the camp was intended to be occupied for a considerable length of time.

The round-up had ridden in but a few moments before, hungry and tired, to a supperless camp. The boys were engaged in an emulous display of anathemas supposed to fit the case of the absconding cook. While they were unsaddling and hobbling their ponies, the newcomers rode in and inquired for Pink Saunders. The boss of the round-up came forth and was given the superintendent's note.

Pink Saunders, though a boss during working hours, was a humorist in camp, where everybody, from cook to superintendent, is equal. After reading the note he waved his hand toward the camp and shouted ceremoniously at the top of his vouce, "Gentlemen, allow me to present to you the Marquis and Miss Sally."

At the words both the new arrivals betrayed confusion. The newly employed cook started, with a surprised look on his face, but, immediately recollecting that "Miss Sally" is the generic name for the male cook in every west Texas cow camp, he recovered his composure with a grin at his own expense.

His companion showed little less composure, even turning angrily with a bitten lip and reaching for his saddle pommel, as if to remount his pony, but "Miss Sally" touched his arm and said, laughingly, "Come now, Marquis, that was quite a compliment from Saunders. It's that distinguished air of yours and aristocratic nose that made him call you that."

He began to unsaddle, and the Marquis, restored to equanimity, followed his example. Rolling up his sleeves, Miss Sally sprang for the grub wagon, shouting:

"I'm the new cook b'thunder! Some of you chaps rustle a little wood for a fire and I'll guarantee you a hot square meal inside of thirty minutes." Miss Sally's energy and good humor as he ransacked the grub wagon for coffee, flour and bacon won the good opinion of the camp instantly.

And also, in days following, the Marquis, after becoming better acquainted, proved to be a cheerful, pleasant fellow, always a little reserved, and taking no part in the rough camp frolics; but the boys gradually came to respect this reserve—which fitted the title Saunders had given him—and even to like him for it. Saunders had assigned him to a place holding the herd during the cuttings. He proved to be a skilful rider and as good with the lariat or in the branding pen as most of them.

The Marquis and Miss Sally grew to be quite close comrades. After supper was over and everything cleaned up, you would generally find them together, Miss Sally smoking his brier-root pipe and the Marquis plaiting a quirt or scraping rawhide for a new pair of hobbles.

The superintendent did not forget his promise to keep an eye on the cook. Several times when visiting the camp he held long talks with him. He seemed to have taken a fancy to Miss Sally. One afternoon he rode up, on his way back to the ranch from a tour of the camps, and said:

"There'll be a man here in the morning to take your place. As soon as he shows up you come to the ranch. I want you to take charge of the ranch accounts and correspondence. I want somebody that I can depend upon to keep things straight when I'm away. The wages 'll be all right. The Diamond-Cross 'll hold its end up with a man who'll look after its interests."

"All right," said Miss Sally, as quietly as if he had expected the notice all along. "Any objections to my bringing my wife down to the ranch?"

"You married?" said the superintendent, frowning a little. "You didn't mention it when we were talking."

"Because I'm not," said the cook. "But I'd like to be. Thought I'd wait till I got a job under roof. I couldn't ask her to live in a cow camp."

"Right," agreed the superintendent. "A camp isn't quite the place for a married man—but—well, there's plenty of room at the house, and if you suit us as well as I think you will you can afford it. You write to her to come on."

"All right," said Miss Sally again, "I'll ride in as soon as I am relieved tomorrow."

It was a rather chilly night, and after supper the cowpunchers were lounging about a big fire of dried mesquite chunks.

Their usual exchange of jokes and repartee had dwindled almost to silence, but silence in a cow camp generally betokens the brewing of mischief.

Miss Sally and the Marquis were seated upon a log, discussing the relative merits of the lengthened or shortened stirrup in long distance riding. The Marquis arose presently and went to a tree near by to examine some stripe of rawhide he was measuring for making a lariat. Just as he left a little puff of wind blew some scraps of tobacco from a cigarette that Drawl Smithers was rolling into Miss Sally's eyes. While the cook was rubbing at them, with tears flowing, "Plowmeyer" Davis was called on account of his strident voice—arose and began a speech:

"Fellers and citizens! I desire to perpound a interrorgatory. What is the most grievous spectacle what the human mind can contemplate?"

A volley of answers resulted to his question.

(To Be Continued)

THE CAVE GIRL.

"The Cave Girl," by Edgar Rice Burroughs, the author of "Tarzan of the Apes," will begin serial publication in The Evening World Monday, Sept. 22. "The Cave Girl" is even more unusual and more exciting than "Tarzan of the Apes." It deals with the adventures of an American castaway on an island peopled by ape-men as savage beasts and of his meeting with a glorious wild girl.

You Can Be Your Own Beauty Doctor.

By Anare Dupont.

SITTING LIKE A LADY.

"DON'T you think that's a smart frock?" asked the Average Girl.

"Where," said the Woman of Thirty, gazing around the reception room half full of women waiting for the tea room to open.

"Right opposite. Don't you see? The girl in green. Isn't her dress a dream?"

"Her dress may be but she isn't. She doesn't even know how to sit down like a lady."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Look at her," said the Woman, "and you'll see what I mean. She's all slouched down in her chair with her feet spread awkwardly apart and her knees in an ungainly position. If, when I was a little girl, my grandmother had seen me sitting in such an attitude even in the privacy of my own home, she would have lectured me soundly on the impropriety of my conduct, and that woman is sprawling her knees nearly a foot apart in a public place."

"Old fashioned people," said the Girl superciliously, "are often too fussy about unimportant details."

"I don't know whether you are referring to me or to grandma," said the Woman. "I don't look much older than you do, if I am thirty. But let me tell you one thing, the women alive to-day aren't the only ones that ever had any sense. To sit in the way that girl is doing not only spoils her appearance, but it makes her look vulgar and common, just as much now as it would twenty-five years ago. No lady should sit with her knees and feet more than two or three inches apart, and no true gentlewoman ever does this in a public room or a crowded car."

"What if she's very fat?"

"Then she must do the best she can. But no woman, however stout, need sprawl all over the seat in a car like a jellyfish thrown down on the beach, as many of them do. There's another way in which the modern woman insists in spoiling her appearance since the very tight skirts have been in vogue, and that is by crossing her legs on all occasions."

"But this is such a comfortable way to sit."

"Yes, it is. And there is no doubt that there is a certain charm about the knee-crossed position—assumed in the right way and in the right place. We certainly can't always sit stiff as a ramrod, but sitting in a trolley car in this position is another matter. The narrow skirt is bound to draw away up and show a good deal more of the stocking than my lady guesses and the whole attitude is ungainly in the extreme, if it cannot be called something worse. We have all learned by experience to keep the feet close together when walking in a narrow skirt, and the same is true of sitting.


KNEES SPREAD APART.

"As we are on the subject," continued the Woman, "there is something you are doing right now—if you don't mind my mentioning it—that spoils even the appearance of your pretty face and your stylish frock. You are doing the thing which many tall women do without thinking when they are a trifle nervous, and that is, twisting your feet around the front legs of your chair. If you could see just how you looked from the rear you would never do it again. Even your 'best young man' would cease to admire you. Theoretically men may like women to be clinging vines, but I am quite sure they don't admire them when they twine their feet about the chair legs like the tendrils of a morning glory."


TWINING FEET.

BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS

Winning Her Back.

A YOUNG man writes to me dolefully that a certain girl "who really cared for him" has found that she cared more for another young man. And the first youth asks how to win her back.

It has always seemed to me that this business of winning back errant affections is hardly worth the trouble and exertion it entails. As a matter of fact, real love doesn't stray. And if the love you possessed wasn't the highest and finest sort, why be so eager for the return of a second-rate article?

It is socially impossible for a girl to run after a young man who loves and rides away. And the young man whose fiancee takes back her troth had better bow to her decision gracefully and be glad she found out her mistake in time.

"C. D." writes: "A young man whom I like very much and who has been attentive to me has just given me a lovely brooch. Now I do not want to accept jewelry from young men, but I am afraid to hurt my friend's feelings. What shall I do?"

Tell him, kindly but firmly, that you make it a rule never to receive such presents from any of your men friends.

"N. P." writes: "I am very much in love with a girl and I think she cares for me. But her mother and I don't get along at all well. Do you think my marriage with the girl would turn out unhappily on this account?"

Not if you agree with her beforehand that you are marrying herself and no other members of her family.

The Way to Win.

"S. U." writes: "I am very much in love with a girl, but so are a number of other young men. She accepts attention from all of us, and seems not to like one better than the other. I want to make her my wife, but the competition discourages me. What shall I do?"

If you care for the girl make up your mind that you can outdistance the other men in her affections. Then you'll stand a pretty good chance of doing so.

"L. L." writes: I am about to be an engagement ring. Is it necessary select a diamond?"

That is the conventional stone, but you are certainly at liberty to choose according to your own taste and pocketbook.